

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2366

London
October 30, 1946



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THE TATLER

LONDON
OCTOBER 30, 1946

and BYSTANDER

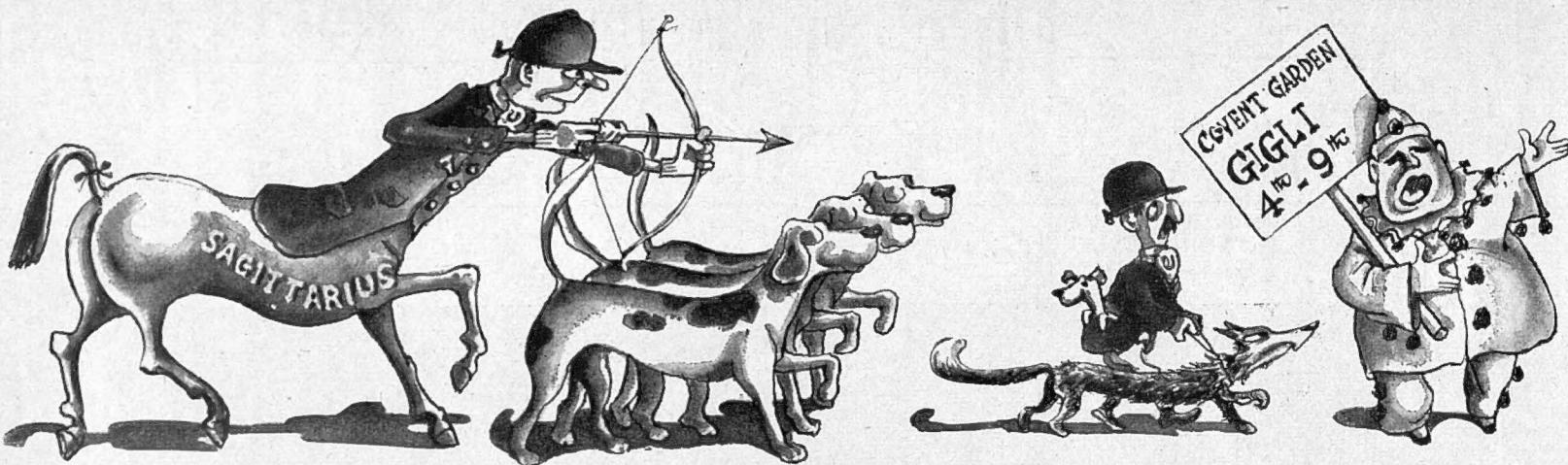
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The Duchess of Palmella

The Duchess of Palmella is the attractive wife of H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, who has been in this country since 1943. She was educated in England and is the second daughter of Count Arnoso, who was Private Secretary to King Carlos I. The Duke and Duchess have a family of five sons and six daughters and the Duke's heir is the Marquis de Faial. In their beautiful family house in Lisbon they possess one of the finest collections of Primitive paintings in the world. The Duke, of whom a short biography was given in a recent issue of the *Tatler*, is a former Cambridge undergraduate and took his B.A. degree from King's in 1915.



Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

THIS morning I woke with a feeling of unease. I could remember no rowdy party last evening, no troubled sleep. But somehow the train of my life had been disturbed. I lay suspicious for a moment. Was it merely jealousy at the caterwauling of brutal tabby males who under my very window were fighting their duels for the favours of one of my silken treasures?

Then I saw what had happened. The green foliage of the tree opposite my window had turned my room all the summer through early in the morning into a submarine cave. Now suddenly it was poised in that delicate state of white, a Chinese mourning for summer, the amber light which warns you of the change from green to the red of autumn.

Indeed, I had forgotten that the autumn was nearly two-thirds done. Winter stands threatening hardly more than a month away, and the newspapers carry notices of the latest date for posting Christmas presents to—would it be?—the Turks and Caicos Islands, or St. Kitts Nevis? Anyway, some colony that evokes one's days of stamp collecting, the old friends of the family who disinterred Triangular Capes from the attic, the cunning swaps in the changing room, and the final catastrophe when my Italian teacher with the moustaches and the serious view of *Rigoletto*, stripped my poor collection clean. And here we are at November, not one of my favourite months, perhaps, but one not utterly devoid of point. In more ordered times I suppose one should be starting pheasant shooting in a moderately grand manner, one's cares no more than the eternal problem of one's overdraft, and the speed at which a new overcoat could be finished.

* * *

Now, older, sadder, one spends these days worrying over milk priorities, priorities for piping, and above all the sense of tragic futility, of blunders repeated, with which the Nuremberg executions

must fill all liberal and clear-sighted minds. Surveying these last October days one may begin by saying:

"Ainsi que s'en vient la saison
"Des regrets et de la raison!"

But as the season advances, one has one's doubts. Regrets, yes. They come in shoals. Reason? Ah, there's the question. Can we be reasonable men, men, moreover, for most of whom childhood was poisoned by the first German war, and who in our youth watched the second one hatching, and not now rebel at the muddles now being perpetrated in Germany?

After the first revulsion of feeling against the executions, the papers are now full of letters from eminent jurists, to prove that Keitel and Jodl richly deserved their halter. But surely there was never a case of capital punishment where it was more dangerous to hold by purely juridical considerations? In the matter of Heath, everyone (except perhaps the defendant himself) was agreed on the enormities of his crime.

Two Qualifications

IN the case of the Nuremberg criminals, though each one of them had obviously inflicted upon the world a far greater sum of misery than Heath could ever have wrought, there was by no means the same unanimity of attitude among the spectators. The trial will have served a good purpose only if it:

- (a) inoculates the German spirit with a respect for the Rule of Law;
- (b) brings us even one step nearer to a super-national authority.

Now, most of the "war crimes"—the persecution of Jews, the shooting of Commandos, the fermenting of war to secure German "lebensraum"—have been highly extolled in their time of victory to the German people. The decrying of these policies coincides with a period of despair, when the Allies—in German eyes—seem bent on the ruin and annihilation of the German race. The condemning of these policies, retrospectively, as crimes meriting capital punishment was effected by four jurists who, however impartial in themselves, were in the eyes of the world—and particularly of the Germans—the agents of the victors, interested parties. For a German less accustomed than we are to dispassionate law, it will not be easy to accept the idea that, let's say, the British and the Russian judges were quite uninfluenced in their judgments by the appalling sufferings which the German High Command had brought upon

the United Kingdom and the U.S.S.R. As a layman knowing little of the law, I deplore our failure to invite a panel of neutral jurists—an Irishman, a Swede and a Swiss, let's say—to conduct what Mr. Bernard Shaw, I believe, has rightly called a disgusting business. As it is, I hope our sons will not be called upon bitterly to rue the Nuremberg trial—for reasons quite unconnected with the fairness of the proceedings or the glaring guilt of the prisoners.

"C'est pire qu'un crime—c'est une gaffe!"

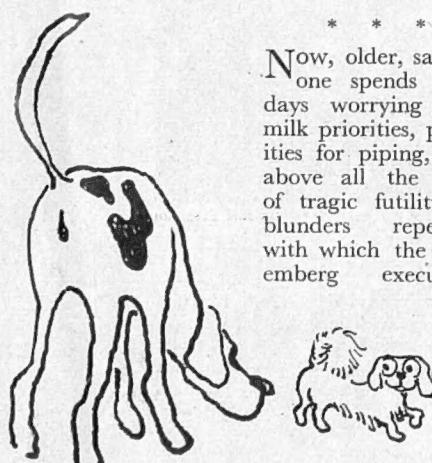
Processions

To turn to pleasanter matters, this coming month is the time of the last surviving medieval ceremony of the first importance in the south of England—the Lord Mayor's Show. Like the Grand National, it is a ceremony I have never seen; I doubt if I shall ever see it now, unless my brats one day drag me to it. It goes back to the days of King John, I know; I am aware too that the stormy history of the City's charter is intimately mixed up with it. But no fragment of my heart lies east of Temple Bar—not even for the shrouded effigy of Dr. John Donne in St. Paul's.

The only element in the Show that warms me is the mere fact of a triumph in this country which the Puritans have contrived to strip almost clean of processions. The instinct for parade is, I suppose, almost as old as hunger, fear, or desire. The bas-reliefs of Sumeria show us endless defilements of creatures with prodigious noses, and what seem like straw skirts, evoking what I feel must be the slightly phoney charm of Hawaii. The Assyrians and the Egyptians seem to have been given to prodigious processions, and the Chinese Emperors of the half-legendary Shang dynasty enjoyed funeral cortèges miles long, with at the end a hecatomb for most of the followers.

To this day a Chinese funeral of reasonable quality is a procession of much beauty. In place of the living horses, slaves and concubines which it was once fashionable to slaughter, there came first the convention of the terracotta statuettes in their likeness—which gave us the T'ang horses, and all that short cut to culture. Nowadays you merely burn paper effigies—paper houses, paper horses, at times even paper motor cars, so that the dead in the other world shall lack neither transport nor housing. The hired mourners shuffle through the streets in their special uniforms, and the frivolous young daughters-in-law in the procession are pricked with pins by the widow if they do not cry loudly enough.

In Greece you had the Panathenaia procession, and Rome knew her Consular and Imperial triumphs—the captured slaves and booty, the crusted legionaries, and finally the





"November in Procession"—according to Wysard

hero himself, who was expected thereafter to announce his retirement to a Sabine farm. . . .

Byzantium to Belgium

I SHOULD like to have witnessed some of the Byzantine processions where, as so often happened, the trappings of paganism were altered to a Christian style. The Middle Ages and early Renaissance seem to have been one vast procession. Think of the processions in which the Emperor Maximilian, and after him Charles V, delighted. Fascinating details of them are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Then there were—and indeed still are—the "Joyeuses Entrées" of Belgium—the elaborate processions by which a free city honoured the entry within its walls of its titular sovereign, Burgundian, Spanish, Austrian or Saxe-Coburg. Belgium and Spain, so closely related in a score of ways, once parts of the same great empire, are again alike in their passion for processions. One can hardly think of a Spanish town without a "pieta" going in state from one shrine to another; or the processions in the fiesta, when they sing those strange and moving "saetas." Seville in Holy Week is a maze of processions, ending with the peculiar ceremony of the "seises" in the cathedral, which is in its way a procession to itself.

Among the dunes of Furnes in Belgium, you can see, every July, a procession as strange as anything in Spain. Indeed, it is Spanish in origin, for Furnes was one of the great fortresses by which the Spaniards tried vainly to preserve their Belgian territories from the rapacity of Louis XIV. It is in a somewhat impoverished and bowdlerized form, exactly like the Spanish processions of the "Penitentes"—sinister cowled figures marching one behind the other, and whipping their sins out of themselves.

Mardi Gras

VERY different, less moving perhaps, and infinitely more beautiful is the procession of the "Gilles" at Binche on Mardi Gras. Tradition, probably inaccurate, has it that Charles V was staying with his sister, the Regent of the Low Countries, at Binche when the news arrived of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. The inhabitants of Binche immediately organized a masque to celebrate the event. Certainly the hats with the immense ostrich plumes, the suns embroidered on the uniforms, and the uniforms themselves, with queer bosses said to evoke the feathered armour of the Indians, suggests that there must be something in the story. On the other hand the music to which the Gilles dance forward, with their peculiar syncopated rhythm, is probably not more than a couple of centuries old.

What does it matter? All I hope is; that I shall see the Gilles of Binche next year.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

The Boletic Film

IT is a commonplace that women bear pain better than men. What has not been decided is whether, as a lower organism, they feel pain less or have more courage to meet it. Moral courage, of course, women have; otherwise they would not be seen at the Ivy in hats that would make chimpanzees gibber and giraffes stampede. At this point a clever woman telephones me:

J.A. Do women bear pain better than men?
C.W. But of course.
J.A. Why?
C.W. They have to. Men wouldn't put up with women who, even in childbirth, let out the screams a man does when he pricks his thumb.

BUT women possess another kind of courage—you can call it artistic intrepidity—meaning the quality of rushing in where the more stupid male would hesitate. Your woman novelist who has resided all her life in Bournemouth has no hesitation in describing the love-life of a horse-slaughterer in Chicago or the adolescent dreamings of a bull-fighter's apprentice. Men are not like this; I have been a novelist and I know. When I wrote about a shop-girl it was because I once kept a shop and there was a girl in it. Nothing would have induced me to say what that girl thought; I was content to set down what she did. But women writers have no scruples. They will describe and differentiate between the agonies of an Alpine climber whose boot has come off, an air pilot who suspects the damn thing to be on fire, and a boxer laid out by a foul blow. Whereas I, a mere male, would hesitate to describe what it feels like to have purled two instead of plained three, and would not dare to hazard what goes on at Dorcas Meetings and Spelling Bees.

THE concernancy of all this? Simply that our Dilys has been telling us that *Le Grand Jeu* (Academy) "has its share of Foreign Legion and other boloney." But what does

Dilys know about the life of Foreign Legionnaires in Morocco? What can any woman, or any man who has not served in the Legion, know what does and what doesn't go on? The camels may have an inkling, but they won't tell.

There is a line in Kipling's old poem that I'm very fond of, the line which tells us that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." I am perfectly certain that what road-makers in Morocco want after three months of road-making and occasional sniping is not a rock-bun and a reading of Miss Sitwell's poems. The maker of this film knows perfectly well what they want—plenty to drink and women with some go about them. This film has a scene in which the brothel-keeper in this wretched imitation of a town complains to the local trader about the non-arrival of the new batch of girls. He has paid fr. 2,000 a head, the troops are expected hourly, and why hasn't the Barcelona bunch arrived? I see no boloney about this; it seems to me that the brothel-keeper's attitude is strictly reasonable.

MY esteemed colleague finds in this picture "passages of poetic realism." It is these which seem to me, as a *mère* man, to be boloney. Indeed, so strong in my mind is the association of modern poetry with boloney that in future I propose to talk of "boletic realism," just as, in another place, I shall write of "the Boletic Drama." What is sheer bunk in this film is the suggestion that a young crook who made away with over a million francs to keep his expensive doxy in good temper should imagine, on the strength of a physical likeness, that the pathetic drab who has somehow got mixed up with the Barcelona consignment is the same woman. She has let her gold hair go back to brown? Good. She doesn't remember him? Yes, but that is explained by the bullet mark on her temple acquired in a moment of remorse when she sought to become shot. Embezzlers should have enough

brains to know that doxies don't shoot, and that if they do, they don't miss.

But worse remains behind. The audience is led to believe what the young man believes. Jacques Feyder should know that while you may fool your characters to the top of your boletic bent you must never, never mislead your audience. I don't think I am ever going to take a wild fancy to Marie Bell, though she slogs through her dual rôle conscientiously enough. But to Françoise Rosay, who has a very large and important secondary rôle, I surrender entirely. I should surrender if they showed the film the other way up. Which, if it had been given at the Film Festival at Cannes is probably what would have happened.

Appointment With Crime (Astoria) shows that this country can do the Humphrey Bogart stuff if and when it makes up its mind to. Have we got the actor? I think that in William Hartnell we have. In looks you are to imagine a cross between Sid Field and D. A. Clarke-Smith. Never once throughout the course of a long picture does he let down, or pretend that his compunctionless little rat is anything else.

The story, as is the way with crime films, is much too complicated, so that in the end we are not too sure for which murder the rat is arrested. Nor perhaps do I quite believe that our really expensive West End antique shops are kept going on the proceeds of robberies. However, the film held my attention all the time, and it is certainly very well acted by everybody. Hartnell has a long love-affair with a dance hostess, Joyce Howard, who never pretends that she is anything else but a dance hostess. No husky nonsense, and none of the mating cries of a female hyena with laryngitis. Just the straightforward, recognizable Hammersmith stuff. Excellent playing by Raymond Lovell and others, and a most amusing sketch by Alan Wheatley. Slick production without *longueurs*. First-rate photography.

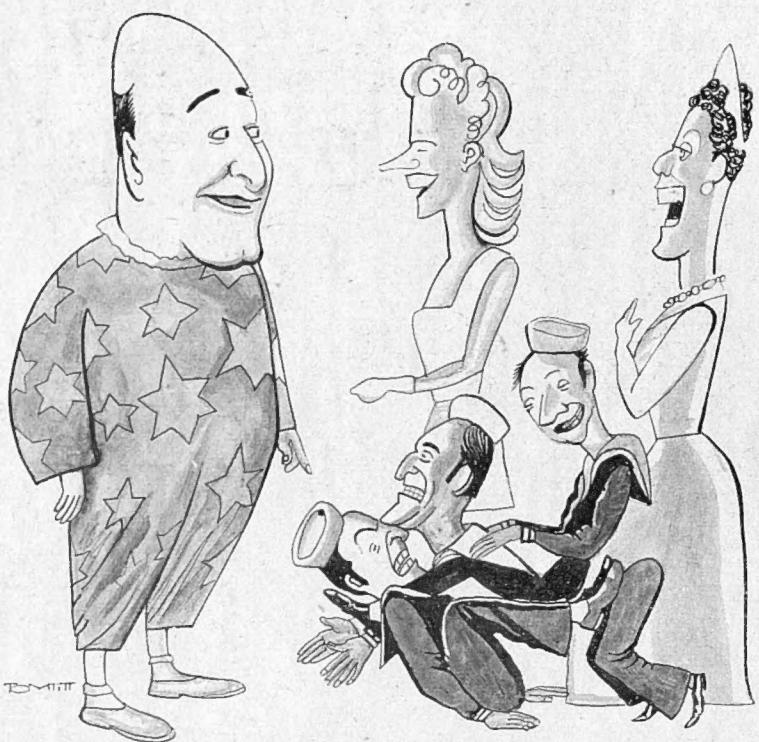
PAMELA KELLINO

Photographed by Baron

In private life Mrs. James Mason, wife of the film star, Pamela Kellino, daughter of Isidore Ostrer, is herself well known in the film and writing worlds. At present she is playing the leading part opposite her husband in the new Sydney Box production *The Upturned Glass*. She made her screen débüt in *Jew Süss* and was last seen in *They Were Sisters*, which was produced in 1945. Other films she has appeared in have been *Love On Wheels* and *I Met a Murderer*. She has also gained a considerable reputation as a novelist, her publications including *This Little Hand*, *The Blinds are Down*, *A Lady Possessed* and *Ignoramus*, *Ignoramus*, illustrated by her husband



The Theatre



"The Night and the Laughter." Bud Flanagan as a most affable clown calls the tune to Frances Marsden, Nancy Brown and the Three Sailors, who illustrate some of their own special technique



"The Shephard Show." Richard Hearne, as a too-ardent patron of the pantomime, is restrained by his small son (Arthur Riscoe) and reproved most grandiloquently by the principal boy in the shape of Douglas Byng

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Monsewer Eddie Gray (right), wearing Piccadilly weepers of the choicest vintage, observes the audience with a baleful and glassy eye

"THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER"

(Coliseum)

COLOUR and music, there is a happy abundance of both in this particular night, but laughter is in almost total éclipse. Only one explanation of the misleading title occurs to me. The show was "devised" by Mr. Robert Nesbitt, and having duly arranged for a first-rate comedian to be in attendance, Mr. Nesbitt became absorbed in devising a series of stunningly spectacular stage pictures, and so forgot to provide Mr. Bud Flanagan with an author.

It is inconceivable that the producer really imagined that the humour of Mr. Flanagan was like a stage picture, in no need of a manuscript, but if in truth he did the Society of Authors can afford to ignore the implied slight. The error brought in its own revenges. How much the series of gorgeous spectacles would gain if they did not include the exasperating spectacle of a comedian in search of an author!

POOR Mr. Flanagan! He is like a benign uncle with nothing in his pockets for deserving and expectant nephews. He beams disarmingly; he is involved in the history of the clown through the ages, which brings the first half of the show to a spectacular end, but that is no laughing matter. Amiably he pretends that he is an outmoded clown, and that is rather sad. In the end, as though sensing the disappointment of his untipped audience, he is reduced to singing his old songs. Even then there must be a news reel ineptly to remind us that while this light-hearted nonsense was new Hitler could be seen raving to the Nazi cohorts, and Chamberlain went to Munich. The Three Sailors fare more fortunately. Their knockabout material is their own.

IN the matter of spectacle, however, the show is overwhelmingly generous. There is a multitudinous chorus disporting themselves over vasts of stage, and Mr. Nesbitt marshals, dresses and lights them magnificently. It cannot be said that their movements are either amusingly or decoratively significant, but the show will not be the less popular on that account.

"How can you prefer to the profound philosophical romance of *Zadig*," the sage sultan asked his sultanas, "a heap of stories utterly irrational which have nothing in them?" The sultanas answered: "It is just on that account that we prefer them." Many of us are sultanas when it comes to stage spectacle; and Mr. Nesbitt knows as much.

"THE SHEPHERD SHOW"

(Princes)

M. R. FIRTH SHEPHERD also might make more profitable use of the four admirable comedians who enliven the somewhat routine character of his new show. At least he does not deprive them of an author; indeed, they work with a posse of authors led by Sheriff Douglas Ferber. Mr. Richard Hearne and Mr. Eddie Gray have a delightful turn in which as piano shifters they obligingly smash up the flat of a lady who cannot decide in which position the new piano would look best.

Mr. Arthur Riscoe is in his element as a leeringly precocious small boy brought armed with a catapult to his first pantomime. Mr. Douglas Byng abounds in his own sense as a Principal Boy, and also brings off the droll feat of singing a sentimental ballad about Old Father Thames in a comic make-up. Here the author would seem to have changed his mind drastically half way through the writing of a song: he intended a comic ditty and it turned to a ballad. Mr. Hearne is himself something of an author and is seen again in his own sketch of the old shoemaker whose trade a ballet dancer touches fleetingly to poetry. Miss Maureen Sims dances the piece delightfully.

THERE is a small and efficient chorus, there is some tuneful music and there are one thousand and one jokes aimed at Mr. Shephard. If they are not to lose some of their richness he should continue to occupy his first-night box for the rest of the run.

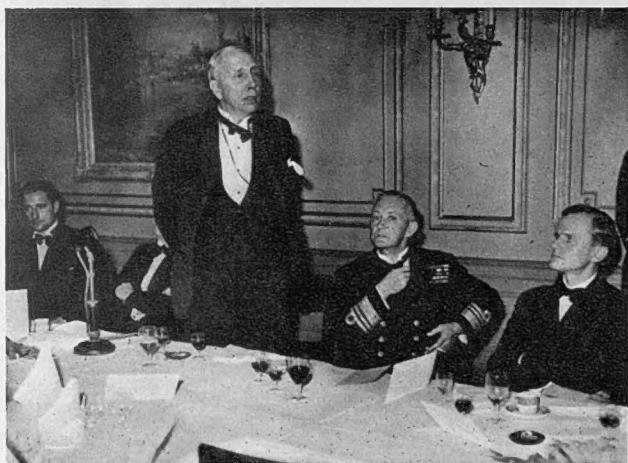
ANTHONY COOKMAN



Admiral Viscount Mountbatten (vice-Patron) speaking at the dinner held at the R.N.V.R. Club, Pall Mall, to inaugurate the R.N.V.R. Officers' Commemoration Fund. On his right are (left) Commodore Earl Howe, Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power (Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel) and Commander Harry Vandervell, founder and president of the R.N.V.R. (Auxiliary Patrol) Association, which has recently been amalgamated with the Club

The Navy Dines at the R.N.V.R. Club

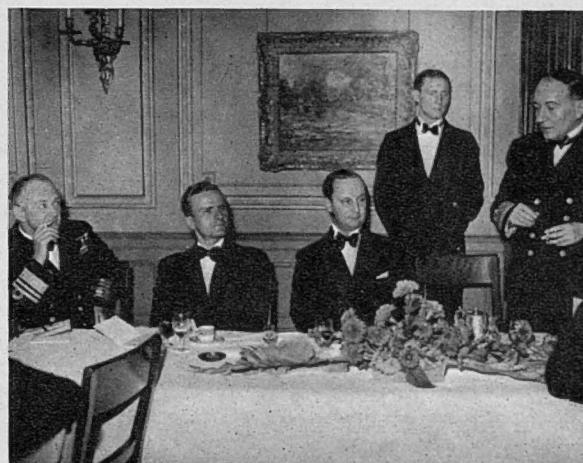
To Inaugurate the Officers' Commemoration Fund



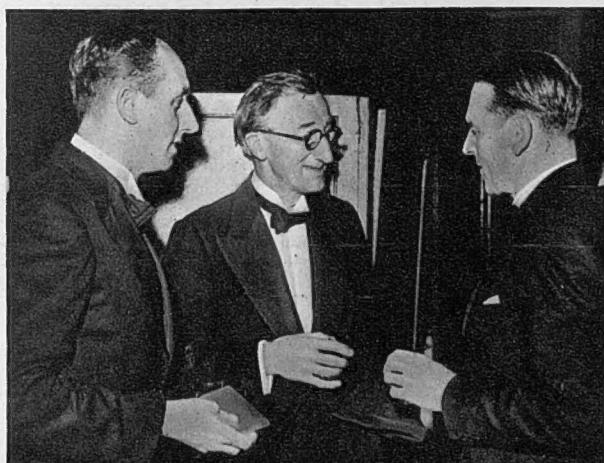
Mr. W. Reynolds Albertini, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles E. Morgan (Admiral Commanding Reserves) and Mr. John Dugdale, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty



Commodore the Rt. Hon.
Earl Howe, President of
the Fund



Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, Mr. John Dugdale,
the Hon. W. W. Astor (chairman) and, speaking,
Admiral Sir John H. D. Cunningham, First Sea Lord



Lieut.-Commander E. Cross, Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., and
Lieut.-Commander Needham, three old friends of the R.N.V.R.
Club



Admiral Viscount Mountbatten and Admiral Sir John Cunningham



Mr. Best Dallison, a member of the committee, and
Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Hope Troubridge,
Fifth Sea Lord (Air)



Monkey Club members reading in the Wiston House library—a comparatively recent addition, though the carved overmantel, thought to be Italian, is old. Left to right: Miss Vivian Chambers, Miss Valerie Soames, Miss Mary Bagnall, Miss Elizabeth Sanger, Miss Hugolin Whitelocke, Miss Margaret Mewburn, Miss Ann Burton and Miss Sophie Landale

The Club of the Three Wise Monkeys

WENTY-THREE years ago a new kind of educational idea was examined and put into practice by Miss Marian Ellison. This was the founding of the Club of the Three Wise Monkeys (colloquially, "The Monkey Club"), in which post-school education for girls was combined with the club and community idea. Specialised training on university lines went hand in hand with a high degree of independence and self-government, the aim being to produce a thoroughly efficient and responsible citizen.

The club's justification is in its continued success under its founder and her partner, the Hon. Helen Joynson-Hicks. It now functions in two localities, the London Centre in Pont Street, in the houses which were formerly the Danish and Albanian Legations, and at Wiston House, Steyning, Sussex.

Wiston House is a large, modernised Elizabethan building in the foothills of the Downs near the famous Chanctonbury Ring. It is the property of Colonel John Goring, into whose family it passed on the marriage, in 1743, of Elizabeth Fagge, heiress to the estate, and Sir Charles Matthew Goring.

MANY alterations have been made during the centuries since it was built, and it is now a magnificent, mellowed piece of architecture. Internally, especially, it has many striking features, including the triple hammer-beam roof of the hall, much hand-moulded plaster decoration, and beautiful panelling, of which Colonel Goring's father was a collector.

As the country branch of the Monkey Club, Wiston House provides ideal lecture rooms, studies and music rooms, in which are pursued

courses so widely divergent as domestic science, music appreciation, laundrywork, secretarial training, mathematics and elocution. The approach to them all is strongly realistic and detailed, and though students—or, rather, club members—choose their own courses and co-operate voluntarily with their coaches, they are expected to work hard, or even harder, than they would under rigid surveillance, and to produce results accordingly.

IN a word, Monkey Club members, both in London and Sussex, work under conditions of unusual amenity. In return, they can only maintain their membership by the exercise of a high standard of self-discipline. And experience shows that the founder's aim of inspiring the girls with this ideal has been most satisfactorily achieved.



Miss Johanna St. Aubyn, Miss Mary Bagnall, Miss Vivian Chambers, Miss Mavis Aynsley and Miss Elizabeth Sanger studying near the library window, which overlooks the beautiful grounds



A class in French : Miss Jane Lloyd, Miss Gill Bowby, Miss Ann Butten, Miss Ruth Montagu, Mademoiselle Paul, Miss Susan Turle, Miss Raine McCorquodale, Miss Fay Darley, Miss Mary Ozanne and Miss Angela Lemkin



In a corner of the beautiful east front : Miss Bridget Foster, Miss Geraldine Cook, the Hon. Ardyne Knollys, Miss Margaret Mewburn, Miss Fay Darley, Miss Raine McCorquodale, the Hon. Elizabeth Mostyn



Miss Fay Darley, Miss Keble-White and Miss Susan Turle in one of the Domestic Science kitchens, which are equipped with electric and oil stoves. The test for the Diploma includes writing a Housewife's Book of practical use



Tennis and riding on the Downs are among the recreations available for members at Wiston House. Miss Ruth Montagu, Miss Una Leavett Shenley and Miss Susan Turle take their ponies out for exercise



Miss Anne Crichton is the younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton. She is now working at the War Office. Her father is a son of the fourth Earl of Erne, and her mother is a daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey



Miss Barbara Crichton is the Hon. Sir George and Lady Crichton's eldest daughter. She was a mobile V.A.D. for five years, and has recently been demobbed. Sir George was Controller of the Lord Chamberlain's office during the reign of the late King George V.



Pearl Freeman

Miss Mary Barrios-Ovey is the daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Barrios, the Mexican barrister who was knighted by King George V., and the step-daughter of Sir Esmond Ovey, former British Ambassador in Moscow and Buenos Aires

Jennifer's Social Journal

ANYTHING that has to do with the Royal Victorian Order, the personal Order of the Royal Family, naturally commands the direct attention of the King, and the inaugural service at the historic six-century-old Chapel of the Savoy, which His Majesty directed,

ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER back in Coronation Year, should be placed at the disposal of the Order as its own Chapel, was held at his own command.

Before the actual service, the King went down to the little Chapel where, legend says, John o' Gaunt was married, to attend a rehearsal, and to supervise details of the charming service with the high officers of the Order, headed by the Earl of Clarendon, Chancellor, in attendance. The Queen, as Grand Master, Queen Mary, and most other members of the Royal Family in this country attended the service, and saw the King carry out the ritual lighting of the altar candles, and place in position on the altar, after nine years' delay, the lovely silver plate that was the gift of the Royal Family as a whole to the Order in 1937.

During the war the plate, which had been on view at the New York World's Fair as a supreme example of modern British silversmiths' art, remained in the States for safe keeping: it was brought back to this country a few months ago by the Earl of Halifax when he returned at the end of his mission as Ambassador at Washington.

ONE of the first big political receptions since the war was held when Lilias Lady Rennell and Lady Suenson-Taylor were At Home to meet Liberal peers and members of the Liberal Party at Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor's lovely house in Princes Gate. The joint-hostesses

POLITICAL AT-HOME received their guests in the fine ballroom on the first floor with Viscount Samuel, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords.

Among those who came to the reception and enjoyed a very pleasing programme of light music, and songs by Jan Hamburg, Kyra Vane and Sydney Cook, were the Swedish Minister and Mme. Prytz (who was in old rose brocade), the Swiss Minister, the Marquess of Reading, Lord and Lady Moynihan, Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, and Mr. Clement Davies, leader of the party in the House of Commons, and his wife. Mr. Simon Elwes I saw admiring one of the fine portraits of Lady Suenson-Taylor, who is so decorative and must give artists great pleasure to paint. Sir Alfred was helping to entertain the guests, and so was their pretty daughter, Monica, who wore a pale blue dress.

Lord and Lady Rea, Viscountess Snowden, Sir Rhys and Lady Rhys-Williams, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P., and his wife and brother Col. Harold Taylor, Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd, the Countess of Midleton, Mr. and Mrs. Dingle Foot, Prince and Princess Galitzine (who was in pink), Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare and Mr. David Campbell, who, since coming back from Burma, where he fought with the Chindits, has gone in for politics, were also at the reception.

THIS EARL OF DERBY is patron of the 55th (West Lancashire) Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club, who, I hear, are holding their sixth annual dinner in London on November 15th. Major H. B. Bennet, M.C., of Bordon, Hants, is organising the dinner.

H. R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, with the Earl of Harewood and their elder son, Viscount Lascelles, stayed up at Newmarket for the second October meeting. They were among the big crowd present to see yet another French horse win one of our big races. Following on

FRENCH SUCCESSES the success of the French crack Souverain in the valuable King George VI. Stakes at Ascot the previous Saturday, Monsieur l'Amiral won the Cesarewitch in convincing style from Ford Transport, with the gallant little Geoffrey's Lady third.

Although owned in partnership by two Englishmen, Mr. Barnard Hankey and Mr. Ian Henderson, Monsieur l'Amiral was bred in France by M. Volterra and trained there by Emile Charlier. Both owners were there to see their victory. Mr. Henderson accompanied by his auburn-haired wife, who was Miss "Boo" Brand before her marriage. She is also an owner and has several horses in training, including the useful Golden Sorrel.

There were many French visitors, including M. Boussac, who saw his Marsyas II. beat H.M. the King's Rising Light in the Lowther Stakes on the opening day, and Coaraze run in the Champion Stakes on the third day. Mme. Lafarge, looking very chic, was there to see her Urgay run in the Cesarewitch, and Mme. Lieux to see Sayani run on the final day.

HATS at Ascot and Newmarket were nearly as exciting as the racing; and many had obviously come from across the Channel, too. Lady Willoughby de Broke wore a striking felt halo with long pheasant feathers which curled under her chin; the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps

SOME OF THE HATS had a bunch of feathers in the centre front of an unusual felt hat; Viscountess Vaughan had long red feathers trimming her navy-blue hat; and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort wore a pink bowler with her heather-coloured coat.

Others racing during the week were the Marchioness of Cambridge with her daughter Mary, Lady Joan Birbeck, Lord Fairhaven, Mrs. Washington Singer, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, Lady Zia Wernher, the Countess of Brecknock, looking attractive in green; Lord Rosebery, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Northesk, Miss Venetia Wills, Lady Moyra Forester, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Mrs. Kingscote and her daughter Mrs. Brassey; Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey, Miss Priscilla Bullock with her fiancé, Capt. Peter Hastings; Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh and Lady Bridget Clark, who was escorted by Lord Porchester when I saw them on the stand watching a race.

Sir William Bass, Mrs. Blackwell, Lord Allerton, the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones chatting to Capt. Robin Grosvenor, who had a warm fur collar on his coat; Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Mr. Robin McAlpine, Lord Allendale, Mrs. Bunbury, looking charming in green; Lady Newtown Butler talking to Mr. Bobbie Norris; and Mr. Richard and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait were others I saw.

MANY young people gathered together at a Little-Season party organised by Baron Roth in aid of the Aid-to-Austria Fund, for which Sir Walford Selby is the president. Lady Strabolgi was chairman of the party, but unfortunately could not be present as she is in America with her husband.

LITTLE-SEASON PARTY There was an amateur cabaret which was very amusing.

Among the attractive young girls I saw dancing to the two good bands were Miss Mary

Barrios-Ovey, who was deputy chairman of the party; Baroness Carola Schey, who had been looking after the raffles; the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley, Miss Elizabeth Daubeny in black, the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu, vivacious Miss Virginia Hutchinson, and pretty Miss Pauline Fisher, who was dancing with Lord Strathcarron. Miss Marina Bessel was wearing her hair piled high and looked radiant in a white dress which showed off her wonderful sunburn, a rare sight this year: hers was achieved during a recent visit to Italy. She was partnering Mr. Frederick Krenn, son of the famous Austrian opera singer.

Among the older generation I met Catherine Lady Headley, who had come up from Wiltshire that day and was sitting at a table with Mrs. Norman Crowther; Lady Ovey, Sir George Porter and Mr. Robert Strauss. Mr. Strauss had Mr. and Mrs. Beck in his party. They have just arrived in this country, as Mr. Beck, who is a member of the Legislative Council in South Africa, is over here to buy ships for the Union.

THE guests of honour at the Eighteenth Birthday Anniversary Party at the Hungaria recently were Mrs. Sansom, one of the greatest heroines of the war, and Capt. Peter Churchill, who were both captured by the Germans in 1943 after they had been betrayed to the Gestapo. Mrs. Sansom

EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY was recently awarded the George Cross for her gallantry and devotion to duty in refusing to give any information to the enemy after her capture, and now with Capt. Churchill, who was awarded the D.S.O., she looks forward to going to Buckingham Palace to receive their awards from the King.

Talking to this frail little woman, very chic in a black faille dress with little black velvet bows in her hair, it seemed incredible that she could have gone through all those frightful months, but although outwardly she is gay and vivacious, she told me the ordeal has affected her health; she never really feels well.

Also in the party were Col. Stevens, one of the officers held for the Munich bomb incident, who became friends with Capt. Churchill in the dreaded Dachau concentration camp. Sir Graham Cunningham, who has recently been appointed to the Colonial Economic and Development Council, was there with his attractive wife. After dinner a giant birthday-cake was brought in, which Vecchi distributed among the many guests who had come to wish him a happy birthday.

WATERLOO STATION wore an unaccustomed air of festivity as the boat-trains for the maiden voyage of the Queen Elizabeth stood waiting to start. Smart celebrities crowded the platforms, and amongst those I saw ready to start on their journey, or there to bid their friends good-bye, were **BOAT TRAIN** Viscount and Viscountess Rothermere, Major-Gen. Sir Donald Banks, Lady Iris O'Malley, Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Sir William and Lady Collins, Lord and Lady Selsdon, Lady Yule and Ella Countess of Aylesford.

Baroness Ravensdale was with her niece, Miss Vivienne Mosley, looking attractive in a black suit. Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, the well-known surgeon, was with his wife, who was wearing bottle-green with a plumed hat of the same colour. Marianne Davies, glamorous in mink, was going over to visit her father and look for new talent for a revue she hopes to present in the spring.

There were flowers in profusion, ranging from sprays of orchids or gardenias to large bouquets of carnations, and I saw one traveller carrying a huge lucky china pig under her arm! Viscountess Simon, who had a bunch of carnations, passed through the flag-decked barrier with her husband, and later they were greeted warmly by Sir Alan Herbert. Lord Leathers and his son Frederick were two other travellers, as well as the Earl of Carrick and his wife, Sir Ernest Fisk, Sir Herbert Grotian, Sir William Jarratt, Sir Simon Marks, Sir William and Lady Rootes, Sir Frederick and Lady Pascoe Rutter, Sir Arthur Sutherland, Viscount Weir and the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, the Countess wearing a rust-coloured suit under a fur coat, and a yellow hat.



The Hon. Mrs. James Innes, Lord Bethell's sister, Lady Anne Elliott and Michael Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Russell's son.

The Hon. Mrs. J. O. Scott-Ellis with her youngest daughter, Jessica. She is the wife of Lord Howard de Walden's son and heir

The Hon. Mrs. R. E. Denison-Pender, wife of Lord Pender's youngest son, with her twin sons, Michael and James



Major-Gen. R. G. Stone, who was one of the godparents, and Mrs. Stone



Sir Douglas and Lady Ritchie. Sir Douglas, who was a godfather, is general manager of the Port of London Authority



The Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, who are the parents of Mr. Alaric Russell, with their grandson, Michael Russell



Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Russell with their daughter, after she had been christened Amanda Charmian

Christening of Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Russell's Daughter at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street

WEDDING LUNCHEON

After the recent wedding of Miss Elizabeth Heath, daughter of Lady Heath of Andover, and Mr. Ian Millar, the bride's mother gave a fork luncheon at a Mayfair hotel for the guests. The wedding took place at St. Peter's, Vere Street, W.



Mrs. Millar cuts the wedding-cake, assisted by her husband, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Millar, of Troon, Ayrshire



The Hon. Mrs. David Feilding, Hon. Basil Feilding, the Countess of Denbigh, Hon. David Feilding, Hon. Mrs. Basil Feilding and the Earl of Denbigh



Pages' and bridal attendants' corner: Viscount Gormanston (foreground), Miss June Ducas, Master William Feilding, Master Patrick Agnew and Miss Kathryn Morrall



Rehearsal: "We'll try that passage over again, please"

EUGENE GOOSSENS

A Great Conductor is
Revisiting London

ELDEST of the famous musical family, Eugene Goossens is visiting England for the first time for seven years. He is resident conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and while here is conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Orchestra in a series of concerts at the Albert Hall. When he and his American wife return to the U.S.A. he is anxious to present to the American public more British music, for which, he says, they have a tremendous liking.

He has just completed a tour of Australia, where he asked local composers to submit some of their compositions. Out of forty received he selected a ballet suite entitled *Corroboree*, by John Antill, a member of the musical staff of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. When the people of Sydney, Antill's birthplace, heard that Eugene Goossens wished him to go to England they raised a fund to pay for the air journey. *Corroboree*, which was played at a Sydney concert, is also being performed during the Albert Hall series.

While in England, Eugene Goossens has met his brother Leon, the famous oboist, and Marie and Sidonie, the distinguished harpists.

*Photographs by Tasker,
Press Illustrations*



John Antill, the young Australian composer, talking to Eugene Goossens after a rehearsal



The brass section gets a vigorous lead



"Now . . . forte . . . allegretto"



"Lento . . . keep the time . . . slower . . . slower"



Studying the score of the Grieg Pianoforte Concerto with Eileen Joyce,
the pianist



"Diminuendo . . . quietly . . . ssh . . .
hardly a whisper"



"Cellos now, please . . . right
on the beat"



Family reunion: The conductor with his brother
Leon, and sisters Sidonie (left) and Marie



With the London Symphony Orchestra. Eugene Goossens's technique
is irreproachable, and his players have a high regard for him



ARTHUR BLISS

Photograph by Gordon Anthony

The name of Arthur Bliss as one of our leading composers has been familiar to the musical world for many years. Until 1935 he was perhaps best known for *Morning Heroes*, his choral work on the 1914-18 war (in which he served), but in that year he was introduced to a much wider public as the composer of the music for the film of H. G. Wells's prophetic book *Things To Come*. Two years later he wrote the ballet *Checkmate*, and more film music for *Conquest of the Air*. For two of the war years he was Music Director for the B.B.C., and in 1944 his beautifully expressive work for Robert Helpmann's *Miracle in the Gorbals* earned him widespread praise. Last April, *Adam Zero*, another Helpmann ballet with his music, was produced

PRISCILLA in PARIS

Russian Première

SUCH gorgeous flowers everywhere, studded closely in the green foliage that covered the orchestra pit and massed thickly along the balcony of the dress-circle. They lined the grand staircase and were banked in great crimson clusters at the entrance of the theatre, that was lit so brilliantly that more than one young lovely was dazzled and came to grief with her long skirts on the first step.

A gala *première* at the Marigny is always a small ordeal for shy people. That long walk over a not too well-laid red carpet over the uneven *terre-plein* of the Champs Elysées gardens, with the loud-voiced comments of a jeering crowd parked on either side, provides many pitfalls.

When I received the invitation sent by their Excellencies of the U.R.S.S. Embassy and Propaganda Ministry, MM. Bogomolov and Kalatozov, I had not expected all these frills, and at first I intended to climb into a neat little red blouse, short black skirt, red socks, sensible shoes and a gay hanky tied under my chin, but the peremptory words *tenu de soirée* in the lower left-hand corner of the card destroyed my illusions as to what I had thought fitting! Whether their Excellencies wore black ties or white I shall never know, because my seats were just under their box. During the interval when I went up to the foyer they had vanished, and I did not feel like fighting my way through the serried ranks of plain-clothes *policiers*, who were on guard as well as the *garde républicaine* in dress uniform.

THE Press representative of the theatre told me that there had been quite a to-do about whether the *garde* was to wear its white breeches (full dress) or its blue-with-a-black-stripe (semi-dress). Full dress is only permissible when French Ministers are expected, and what with all the squabbles about the wine, textile and bread scandals and the forthcoming elections, no one knew whether any of them would turn up. However, a compromise was reached. Blue breeches and ordinary *képis* for the stalls, and white breeches, with glittering, be-whiskered helmets for the grand staircase and the U.R.S.S. boxes.

Anyway, it did not really matter, since the lights were soon turned down and the picture began. A really beautiful, not too flamboyant colour-film from the Mosfilm studios of the Sports Parade held at the great Moscow Stadium. It is long since I have seen such crowds of splendid youngsters, and as propaganda for the physical fitness, grace and mass movement of the performers it is highly

successful. If this film is shown in England, don't miss it. It is called *The Youth of Our Country*, and Little Father Stalin can be proud of his family.

Near me were seated some elderly Russians who evidently were exiles, and as some very lovely views of Moscow at dawn and in the twilight hour flickered on the screen in subdued but luminous colours, I watched their faces . . . and then felt ashamed of having watched and seen the sparkle of slow tears trickling down the women's cheeks.

THE house was not so full as, for courtesy's sake, one might have wished. There were two other *premieres* that evening. One at the Ambassadeurs for the revival of Henri Bernstein's *Le Secret*, played by several *ex-sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, at which a very brilliant audience gathered, and another at the Comédie Française—a charity gala—where many new members of the Comédiens Français Company, who have been selected from the old Odéon and various boulevard theatres, were appearing in a new presentation, by Jean Meyer, of the *Mariage de Figaro*. I went next evening to the Press performance and came away delighted. The new incidental music by Louis Beydts, the fresh *décor*s by Suzanne Lalique and the costumes are charming, and if perhaps the newcomers have not yet the grand manner of *la maison de Molière*, they have (and this is a most important point in playing Beau-marchais' gaily mischievous comedy) youth, movement and joy. This also is something to be seen by visitors to Paris.

A MISSION with the ambulance to fetch a very sick D.P. home from Aix-les-Bains took me, this week, to that lovely watering-place on the banks of the Bourget lake. As far as the town of Tournus one takes the same road as the lucky tourists who are on their way to the Riviera. At Tournus one either branches off towards Lyons or else one takes the left-hand road to Grenoble and, from there, the road over the Alps to the coast. In winter, of course, it is wise to find out whether the pass is open.

I was interested to see the work that is being done to prepare for their visit. The high roads of *la belle France* are being trimmed and widened and built-up at awkward corners everywhere, and by-passes are being laid round certain villages. Immense signs point out the way. Warnings are set up at dangerous corners and tricky turnings. Petrol and service stations abound. Visiting motorists will be well and truly dry-nursed on their way south.

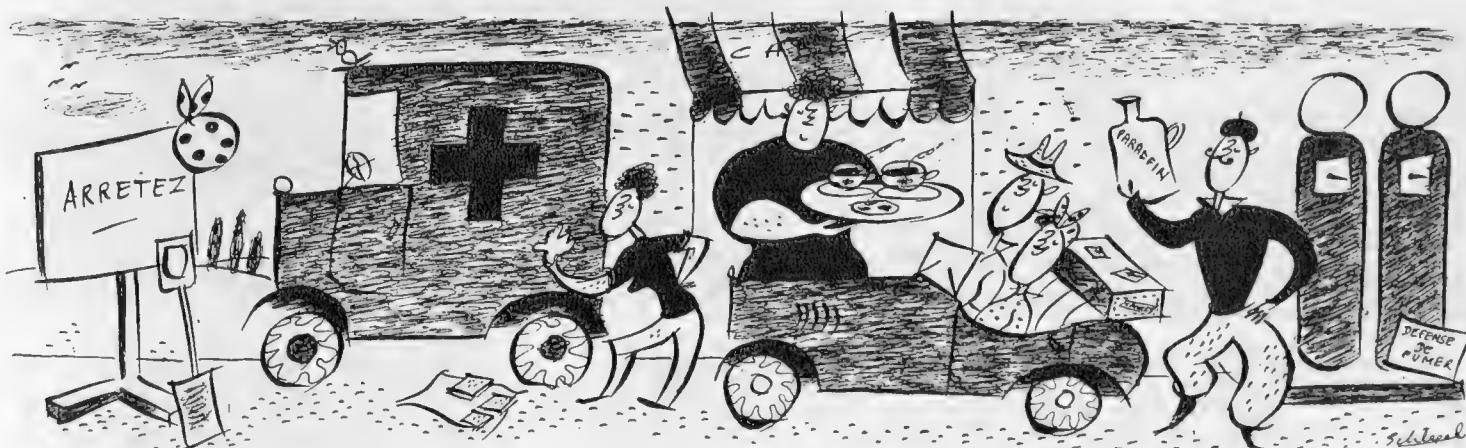
All this will be perfect in a few weeks' time. Just now, however, we struck too many spots in the process of being tarred for our comfort. Either the P.O.W.s on the job don't obey orders or else the unwritten law that only half the road be tarred pending its drying, after which the other half is done, is now ignored. Going as gingerly as we might over the wet places, our grey ambulance got splashed and we had to scrape the butter off our sandwiches to repair the damage.

I ALSO hope that there will be a stricter supervision of the petrol pumps. Over here, at time of writing, coupons or tickets are issued for petrol and gas-oil for lorries, while paraffin and methylated spirits are free. Dishonest garagists mix a certain amount of gas-oil and paraffin into the pumps, keeping back the good stuff, which they sell in the B.M. At two places on the road the stuff pumped into our tank must have been 50 per cent. of Heaven-knows-what, with the result that, though I was lucky enough not to get my carburettor choked, I burned some forty litres to the 100 kilometres instead of twenty-three, and found myself without a single coupon left when I was still over 200 kilometres from home.

But my luck held. Coming out of Avallon, on the Route de Paris, I found the perfect service station. Clear petrol, refined oil, a spick-and-span wash-room, an American bar, an excellent cup of tea and the English-speaking owner of that oasis, who actually lent me enough fuel to get me back to Paris. Can you beat it in these cautious days, when no man trusts his neighbour farther than he can see? The name is Choquet. Write it down on your tablets, my motoring friends.

Voilà!

• The ever-increasing fashion of wearing false hair in becoming plaits, curls and chignons is keeping the hairdressers busy. It is also an added puzzlement to our Abigail. Witness Mme. de Montfort-Amaury's new maid who, with a golden-brown pigtail in one hand and a charming creation of tulle and feathers in the other, shyly asked her mistress: "Will Madame be wearing her hat or her hair this evening?"



THE YOUNG IDEA IS FRESH-AIR- MINDED

To children the most fascinating indoor game is as nothing to the adventure of "going out": and in spite of the wetness of the past season, there has always seemed a space of sunshine for the small people to play in, especially, by some freak of the climate, at the week-ends. These pictures express better than words the pleasure of the very young, by themselves and with their mothers, in the unfettered delights of park and garden



"Don't disturb me, I'm reading the news."
Vivien Lyell, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. Lyell,
and granddaughter of Lady Cory



"We believe in taking things seriously."
David and Marian, children of Mr. and Mrs.
J. H. Dunn Yarker

"WHEN THE VOICES OF CHILDREN"



Mrs. John Sheffield with Diana Anne, Jane Armyne and John Julian Lionel. She is the wife of the younger son of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Bt., and daughter of the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, third and last baronet



Lady Alexandra Howson Johnston, R.N., and Earl Howson have two children, James and Elizabeth



"This dog's a slowcoach," says the
n. Richard Stamp, younger son of Lord and
Lady Stamp



"I think I'm really rather shy."
Juliet Ackroyd, daughter of Mrs. F. Ackroyd,
makes a confession



"A park chair is so informal."
Melanie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Winslow-Taylor

Swaebe

CHILDREN ARE HEARD ON THE GREEN"



Johunston is the wife of Capt. Howard-
eldest sister. She was married in 1941
glas and Xenia. This picture was taken
ome at Melrose



Mrs. Patrick Lawson with Nicholas, Timothy and Shaun at her home in Sevenoaks, Kent. She is the wife of Mr. Patrick Lawson, second son of Sir Digby Lawson, Bt., of North Cheriton Manor, Templecombe, Somerset. Mrs. Lawson is the daughter of Col. S. E. Smith of Oakford, North Devon

Compton Collier

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A SHOPKEEPER was sent a telegram informing him that his ticket had won £100,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes. He happened to be at home nursing heart trouble, and his wife opened the telegram. Fearing that the sudden news might cause a fatal shock to her husband, she asked the family doctor to dinner and requested him to impart the good tidings with professional tact. After dinner, the doctor drew his patient to one side.

"How's business?" the doctor began.

"It could be better. I could use a few hundred pounds," said the shopkeeper.

"Well," smiled the doctor, "you have a sweepstake ticket. What would you do if you won five hundred pounds?"

"Nobody ever wins," the man answered with a sigh. "But if I won I would send my family to the seaside, and pay my debts."

"And if you won a thousand pounds?"

"Well—I would probably enlarge my store."

"Suppose you win fifty thousand pounds?"

"I would buy a house in town and one in the country."

"What would you do if you won a hundred thousand?"

The man looked up. "Doctor," he said solemnly, "I swear I would give you half of it."

The doctor gasped, opened his mouth, and dropped dead.

THE following from Boners, the Viking Press, are rather amusing:

An octogenarian is an animal which has eight young at birth.

Heredity means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have had any, and neither would you, probably.

By syntax is meant all the money collected by the church from sinners.

A N impoverished junior reporter was sent to a special service at a cathedral. A silver collection at the door had been announced, and he had a half-crown and a halfpenny to last until the next pay-day. Conscience and prudence waged war, and prudence won. To the undisguised disgust of a choirboy holding the plate, he placed his halfpenny upon the mountain of shining silver, and left.

Relief at his escape changed to a feeling of horror when he suddenly realised that he had left his hat in the cathedral and would have to go back.

The boy was still in the doorway. "What's up?" he asked. "Come back for your change?"

THE girl was out with an American soldier. "So you really think I'm the most adorable girl you ever knew?" she cooed.

"Uh-huh," replied the doughboy.

"Do you think I'm the most attractive girl you have ever seen?"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, I am so glad! And do you adore my figure?"

"Uh-huh."

"You do say the most marvellous things, darling! Do please go on."

THERE was a queue outside a tobacconist's, where a notice promised: "Back at two-fifteen."

Presently a little man came along and pushed his way to the front. He was promptly pushed back.

He shoved his way to the front again, and a burly man grabbed him and tossed him back.

"O.K.," said the little fellow. "Then I won't open the bloomin' shop!"

D. B. WYNNDHAM LEWIS

As every cloud will henceforth have a cupro-nickel lining, an economist remarked to us after the second reading of the Coinage Bill, it will be no use the Race's yelling when the new lining, like the new coinage, turns a dirty yellow. Nothing, this economist added, could be more suitable to the future anyway.

Nickel—even pure nickel—does not figure in the wildest currency dreams of the great British economists, Mill, Ricardo, Bagehot, *et al.*, since they never imagined Mother Britannia could fall so low, poor old slut. Bagehot, for instance, was a devil for an automatic intrinsic-value-currency, but he thought strictly in terms of gold and silver. Mention nickel (still less cupro-nickel) and Bagehot would have struck you to the ground with his gold-mounted umbrella. But although the Victorians took their currency-problems seriously, one need not imagine that the grayish lives of their leading economists lacked sunshine. Consider that charming episode at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in April, 1861:

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure duty to-night to introduce Mr. John Stuart Mill, who will address us on a subject very near all our hearts, namely the Depreciation of Silver and Artificial Currency-Values. Before calling on—why, hello there, Mrs. Ramsbotham!

MRS. R.: Hello, there, Tiny.

CHAIRMAN: Well, well, well! And how's every little thing, my heart's own Mancunian queen?

MRS. R. (*pouting*): Howwid! Howwid old depreciation of silver! Baby want to dance!

(*Mr. Mill trumpets through his nose and gives the Chairman a threatening look. After a terrific struggle between conflicting emotions the Chairman gives in.*)

CHAIRMAN (*feebly*): Ladies and gentlemen, pray take your places for a waltz.

(*Mr. Mill, finding a pair of soft arms round his neck, gives in also and leaps joyously on to the floor.*)

Ah, springtime (even in Manchester)!

Visitor

ON the same day that Mr. St. John Ervine informed Auntie Times that he'd found a large green-striped grub in a new brown loaf, East Anglian farmers announced that they are selling weeds—for birdseed—at four times the price of wheat, which as Cobbett would agree is reasonable enough. Nobody needs wheat in the New Utopia except the boys and girls who supply those dainty woodcuts for books by ladies about the Lure of the English Countryside.

Ben Levy's "Clutterbuck"

When Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, those masters of the English character, get together there are sure to be plenty of hilarious situations, especially when Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings are their respective wives, as in Clutterbuck. The action takes place on a pleasure cruise which is unexpectedly turned into a voyage on troubled waters, as the two married couples are suddenly confronted by an episode out of their past. This is provided by two fellow-passengers, Clutterbuck, who was once the lover of both wives, and his spouse Melissa, who held sway over the hearts of the two husbands. This discovery makes for agreeable conflict in all directions

A living poet has sympathetically summed up the whole question:

So grin and bear it, Stupid, do not bleat;
You hungered after Progress years ago,
You wanted Science and you've got it, neat . . .

Actually, a City chap tells us, the only place where you can still get a sweet honest old-fashioned crusty homebaked loaf, free from chemicals and bellypains, is in prison, and very nice it is. As for the grub in our friend Mr. Ervine's loaf, we don't doubt that a playwright of his skill and experience could gain relief very easily by weaving it into the *scène à faire* of a new play.

Afterthought

WHAT we're thinking of, if Mr. Ervine doesn't mind, is a symbolist drama. The fourth Mrs. Frazer flings the breakfast-loaf at Mr. Frazer in a fit of petulance and a small white grub with pink stripes tumbles out, inevitably recalling poor little Mrs. Frazer III in her summer frock. She was always a shy, queer, timid misunderstood girl, given to hiding in odd places ("C'était un pauvre être mystérieux, comme tout le monde," as Arkel says sadly of Méliande), and to find her symbolic presence nestling right in the heart of a loaf gives Mr. Frazer a terrific shock, that being the only place she never hid in, barring the Hoover-bag.

Mrs. Frazer IV's reactions, after ducking in turn, provide the climax, and the scene incidentally suggests a use for the contemporary loaf. It bounces, if you've noticed.

Moment

MR. ATTLEE's promise to reveal, shortly, the facts about Invasion Night, 1940, will not merely interest the Hick Belt but will inevitably revive bitterness in one rural area, one of the locals involved was telling us.

It was the late-September night following the day when some 180 Nazi planes were brought down over the South. The Channel was gray, quiet, and menacing, all area troops were standing to, non-combatant suitcases were packed, mothers and wrapped-up children dozed with one eye open by unlocked kitchen doors, all Home Guard suicide-posts were manned ("and there ain't no plaace fur we to faall back on, see?"), and Mr. Parsnip of the Post Office, who had cast himself for the part of Paul Revere, was acridly raising the point with H.G. Batt. H.Q. for the 500th time that immediately Hitler landed he, Mr. Parsnip, not Major Washball (ret.) of Cliff Cottage, was to



Deborah Pomfret (Patricia Burke) and Jane Pugh (Constance Cummings) discuss the possibilities of Venice as a background for affairs of the heart

Standing By ...

be told first. Midway through the discussion a southwest gale arose and a rainy dawn broke on angry seas battering empty, unassaulted beaches. Hitler had not come, Paul Revere had not roused the nation, and infants conning their history-books will not lisp the honoured name of Jeremiah Parsnip, shot at his post while trying to make Drumble Exchange give him the right number.

Bitterness and dark and justified suspicion; for if Mr. Parsnip had a telephone, Major Washball had a revolver as well.

Fey

DISCREETLY hiding a smile behind his cambric handkerchief, one of the leading Fleet Street boys reports a great outbreak of fairy-folklorism all over Ireland, South and North alike. As if fairies flourished only in Shaftesbury Avenue!

The poet Yeats should be alive to deal with this situation. He had a disconcerting way ofouting the scoffers by, as Chesterton said, "attacking abstract materialism with a completely concrete mysticism"; for example, by quoting the wellknown case of a Farmer Hogan, pulled out of bed one night and thumped by the fairies. An even more powerful witness would be the grave and sober Robert Kirk, Presbyterian minister of Aberfoyle, Perthshire, who was abducted by the fairies in the 1690's (as may happen in the Highlands) and has not yet come back. Mr. Kirk disappeared soon after giving the lowdown in a book called *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies*, in which he reveals that if you blunder into a fairy rath and annoy them they may easily blind or dumb you. For as everyone knows, those silly little airy wand-waving floozies photographed by Conan Doyle are not fairies at all. Real fairies are pretty sinister, which is why those who know them invariably refer to them as the Good People.

Gesture

THAT must have been an impressive moment when James ("Boss") Agate reverently removed his historic bowler in the house of the great Rachel at Cannes, as he recently related in a daily paper; thus fulfilling the dream of his life. But the Boss might have swooned, we thought.

On hearing Rachel recite the lines from Racine's *Phœbe* beginning "Ariane, ma sœur," the poet Alfred de Musset fainted away in his box at the Comédie-Française, as is well known. So far as we know the Boss has never paid any

greater tribute to Art in the London theatre than closing his eyes tightly and shamming dead. A lesser critic we know was no sooner introduced to a famous Hollywood star at a cocktail-party than he fell down flat. Yet another could never see one of the great ladies of the West End stage without bleeding at the nose. All such acknowledgments are stoical compared with chuckling a real dummy, like M. de Musset, and after many years' friendship with the Boss we feel that on viewing the deathbed of the greatest French actress next to Bernhardt he might at least have staggered feebly back into the arms of his escort. Ah, mon Dieu! Du courage, cher Maître!

Possibly Rachel's unfortunate private reputation forbade such a gesture. She was a rapacious and vulgar harridan and very rude to critics. By swooning to her memory the Boss would have been encouraging sauciness at home, and bits of pink-and-white fluff in the Ivy might have curtseyed with less haste. All right, then, but at least that bowler hat should have been hung formally over Rachel's bed for the benefit of the people of France, one can't help thinking.

Tonic

It takes no Freud to discover, as a psychologist I recently suggested, that girls who are good at games often suffer from emotional frustration. Banging balls around brings obvious relief.

Had the Brontë Girls been able to stump round 18 holes on Haworth links daily they'd have been far less peevish and tense, and their brother Dusty's goings-on would have worried them not at all, one feels. Dropping Dusty at the bar they'd whomp their way round and wave a cheery hand to one and all.

"Hello, there, Charlotte! Hello, Emily! Hello, Anne!"

"Hiya, boys!"

"Old Dusty's one-over-the-eight again!"

"Good for Dusty!"

(Here an erstwhile jolly stockbroker suddenly begins to sob. The Brontë Girls stop whooping at once.)

"What's wrong with Charley?"

"He's a bit frustrated."

"Girls, let's give Charley the works!"

A general romp follows and a lot of furniture is broken, but the steward doesn't care. "Them Brontë babies," he says to the pro, "they're ruddy good sports and I don't care who hears me say it." And there's no *Wuthering Heights* to follow, either.



"I love that tragic poem about a favourite cat drowned in a bowl of goldfish"



"Dammit, man, they went that way"



The revelation that they have both in their time had dealings with Melissa serves to make Arthur (Basil Radford) and Julian (Naunton Wayne) firm friends



Deborah takes a poor view of Melissa (Lalage Lewis) as an object for sun-tan treatment by other people's husbands

Angus McBean

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretache

STARVING Europe! A friend of mine, a rather well-known person, has just come back from a tour of Switzerland and some adjacent countries. The little Republic, of course, very cleverly managed to keep out of the war, and, therefore, it was not very surprising to find that she was not showing any signs of wear and tear with regard to food or anything else; but my friend motored over the frontier into Italy, mainly out of curiosity, to find out how the country which, we are told, is so ravaged as not to be able to pay its just debts, was getting along.

He tells me that he expected to see starvation and desolation on every side; but he saw nothing of the sort. There was no scarcity in the food shops or in any other kind of shop, and they were full of all the things that we cannot get in England. My friend purposely went to dine at the most expensive hotel he could find. His dinner cost him the equivalent of 15s., inclusive of wine. Starving Europe!

Spilt Milk

EVEN if we were prone to tears, they would be as useless in this back-end of the racing season as ever they have been. These names furnish the history of the recent Révanche ("for Waterloo" understood): Ardan, Caracalla II., Chanteur II., Basileus, Priam II., Marsyas II., Urgay (all at Ascot in June), Marsyas II. (at Goodwood), Marsyas II. (at Doncaster), Urgay (at Ascot aghin), Sayani, Cuadrilla (Hurst), Souverain (Ascot), Marsyas II. (again at Newmarket), Monsieur l'Amiral (Newmarket).

It is a heavy casualty list from our point of view and includes far too many long-distance prizes. Our worst defeats have obviously been the King George VI. Stakes by Souverain—a runaway victory—and the Cesarewitch by Monsieur l'Amiral, incidentally not rated top of the handicap class in France, in spite of his quite creditable record, both last season and as a five-year-old. He was good enough to hold his own with the best handicappers we could produce and carry away the "Grand National" of the Flat from such well-meaning animals as Ford Transport, who reversed the Goodwood Stakes form with Reynard Volant, who was right up in the fighting line till the end, Voluntary, another who had earned the stayer's badge, and one or two others we imagined could stay.

It is a somewhat discouraging story. The list says all that it seems necessary to say. The only compensating balance is, I think, the case of Airborne. He has been kept tuned-up to concert pitch for a long time, and, personally, I regret that they ever ran him in the King George VI. Stakes. Another compensation is that this big coup over the Cesarewitch, which must have hit the Books, did not mean money taken out of England, for the owners of the winner are both Englishmen; but the list tells us that we have been very considerably despoiled, and one or two people have not unnaturally again asked the question whether we have not opened the gate a bit too soon.

The Grand National

EVERYONE will commend the action of the Stewards of the N.H.C. in so altering the conditions of the great steeplechase as not to leave the door quite so wide open to the horse which, other things quite apart, has not a 50-1 chance of defeating the obstacles.

So far, any horse that could get into the first three in any £80 three-miles steeplechase was eligible. The value has now been raised to £300, which means a great deal. It means, first of all, that the animal must have met something of far better class than the eighty-pounder, and that he has had to earn his ticket over fences a bit above the usual run of the park obstacle.

It will, let us hope, reduce the loose-horse nuisance. Anyone who saw this year's Grand National will remember how the genuine competitors had to plough their way through the herd of derelict steeds. Anyone who has ever seen this race at any time knows what a pest they are, and how often they have put paid to the chance of the bona-fide article. Let us hope that this alteration may result in keeping out the horse that never ought to be there, and would not be but for the owner's often very forgivable enthusiasm.

At the same time, a goodly percentage of the horses ticketed as "fallen" have not fallen at all, and have merely hit one, pecked or floundered, and sent the short-stirrup addict on top for six. If the N.H.C. Stewards could do a bit of winnowing amongst the people put up to ride in the Grand National, they would earn an even fuller measure of our blessings. It is idiotic attempting to ride over any fences that can hit back with a leather which induces the devotional attitude. No names, no pack-drill, but this year I thought things were at their worst, and how some of these jockeys expected to cross Aintree kneeling on their saddles I do not know. Six out of a field of forty-three passed the post; no one, either horse or man, was hurt. The value of the Grand National has been raised to £5000 from £4000, but the cost to run (£100) has not been increased. The date is March 28th next; the closing date for entries, December 31st.

Hindustan

A VALUED correspondent writes me the following interesting letter commenting on some recent notes in this page upon "The Brightest Jewel," and what may happen to it when the present evacuation is completed:

I see you are having a very practical tilt at the Indian débâcle. I wonder if the following statistics would help; they are out of an account of India in the '80s, but I fancy that country has not changed much, unless perhaps as regards the illiterate: 225 different languages (79 in the Bombay Presidency alone); literate, 4,000,000 out of 353,000,000. The Hindus constitute 68½ per cent. divided into 2000 castes; the Mahomedans are 22½ per cent., leaving 9 per cent. for all other religions.

My correspondent's figures differ very slightly from the census returns of March 1941, save that the Mahomedans are now 23 per cent., and are on the increase. My correspondent adds: "I do not believe that one per cent. of the politicians who are handing over the country to Mr. Nehru and Co. have any idea of these figures, and of how ridiculous it is to think that Indian politicians have any flair or faculty for administration."

I think we shall find that the real crux of the situation will be this: whether the warlike section of India, a very large one, is going to acquiesce in being governed by the non-martial. Tradition dies very hard in the East, and past form has very often a devastating way of repeating itself. In that old, old country, Persia, whence have come so many wise saws, there is one which proclaims that all the world's troubles spring from three causes: Zur, Zun, Zumeen—Gold, Women, Land. In other places we say, "Wine, Women and Song," or "Wein, Weib und Gesang"! It will be observed that there is one constant factor. Students of Indian history will perhaps be fully aware of what might be the result of the next Battle of Panipat. This place is quite close to Delhi.

In the meanwhile some recent happenings have shown us what small chance there is of oil and water mixing. Mr. Nehru, who was not well advised to go to the North-West Frontier, is a very lucky person. It is quite obvious that the fierce Afridis of the Khyber have only just given him a rather impolite hint to get out and stay out. If they had meant business they would have got him.



Major James Drummond-Moray, of Abercairney, walking to the third green with his partner, Major Broadhurst



Mr. W. A. Dehurst, Brig.-Gen. Reddie and Mr. D. Smythe arriving on the course



The Earl of Breadalbane with his partner, Mr. D. J. Molteno, on the first tee

The Perth Royal Golfing Society Holds its Annual Meeting

The Perth Royal Golfing Society held its annual meeting for the first time since 1938 on the North Inch course. None of the competitors revived the pre-war custom of playing in the Society's red coats and hats

SCOREBOARD



IT was Saturday, mid-day. Alphonse, floor-waiter at the Hotel Splendide, having been told sixty-five times to strike, had struck. The effort of the decision had taken it out of him; so he ate three caviare sandwiches off a nearby tray, and drank half a bottle of champagne which a patent-collar-stud millionaire had tossed into the corner after breakfast.

Emerging into the street, he stood hesitant. Should he join the procession? No. He hated walking. A man with a cloth cap, pince-nez, and appalling breath came up to him and said, "I congratulate you, comrade; on to Moscow." "Allez," said Alphonse, "you are very common man." Still he pondered. Ah, he would go to the football; the Arsenal United, perhaps, against the Tottenham Rovers. He bought an evening paper. "Soccer Strike," he read, "Fixtures Cancelled." Reading further, he found that Rugby Union matches would be played. Union? Was there, then, no other word but Union? He spat himself of Unions. He hailed an empty taxi, but the driver was going home to his dinner.

Alphonse frowned. He, too, was empty. The caviare and champagne had worked off. He tried Simpson's, the Berndorff, and the Carlton-Astoria. They knew him not. He joined the queue outside the Cafeteria. After fifteen minutes he found his queue was waiting for cigarettes at the shop next door.

Hurriedly he walked back to the Splendide. It was picketed. But he did not care. "I," he said loudly, "am ze secretar of T.U.C. Make way." It was made. The collar-stud millionaire was smoking a cigar in his largest armchair. "Where the hell—" he began. "Excuse," said Alphonse, "mille pardons; I was not well. I fall asleep and dream I am in ze world outside."

IT is twenty-one years this month since the death of Professor Thomas Case, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but it seems only yesterday when, in the space between Oriel and the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church, he showed me how they played football when he was a boy at Rugby—"a hundred a side, and you never saw the ball till you trod on it." It was on the same space, but a wetter surface, that I saw two Japanese undergraduates prostrate themselves before the Mikado's son.

Tommy Case did more for Oxford cricket than any other six men, and he was chief founder of the Harlequins, whose gay cap, as seen on the head of Douglas Jardine, so tickled the tonsils of the Australian barrackers over there thirteen years back. Case played for Oxford against Cambridge in 1864-65-67. He told me that he was omitted from the team in 1866 because he insisted on wearing a favourite pair of black trousers on the field of play. Curious, the trouble that trousers have caused in games. G. M. Lott, the American lawn-tennis player, wore striped flannels at Wimbledon, and was "spoken to."

Professor Case disliked and disregarded William Willett's Summer Time, and always asked his guests to lunch at two o'clock. He played the early forms of swing-music on his piano, but counted Lord Palmerston as the last true Conservative. "Nowadays," he said, "Ministers dismissed for incompetence are let down too lightly. Now this [he went on] is how I should dismiss a Minister—Dear Blank, When I appointed you, under pressure from the Party and against my own judgment, I suspected that you might make a hash of things. You have not disappointed me." Now, Clem, what about it?

R. C. Robertson Glasgow.



Johnson, Oxford

Concentration in an Oxford Rugger Trial

H. Davies (Pembroke) dribbling the ball through for Whites team against Blues in the first Seniors Rugger trial on the Oxford University Rugby ground. Prospects for the season are good



A London XV.—Rosslyn Park

Rosslyn Park lost to Swansea in a hard-fought game recently. Sitting: F. F. J. Lyall (secretary), J. K. Watkins, J. R. Tyler, J. M. Reichwald (captain), S. A. Evans, I. P. D. Skempton, H. A. Burlinson (hon. treasurer). On ground: G. Chambers, A. E. Arnott. Standing: A. T. Graham, B. Boobyer, T. L. Garge, G. A. Wilson, F. R. Wilson, D. A. Thrower, J. L. Churcher, D. C. Shields, H. G. Lathwell (referee)



D. R. Stuart

Swansea Prove a Formidable Team

Swansea continued their unbeaten record when they defeated Rosslyn Park on their first visit to London this autumn. Sitting: Dai Jones, T. H. Walters, D. Llewellyn, W. D. Johnson, D. J. Davies (captain), T. Jefferies, Tom Rees. On ground: Elfrynn Matthews, W. Jennings, Eddie Bevan. Standing: G. Bateman, Trevor Davies, E. Griffiths, E. Jones, Howard John, Bryn Evans, Tom Briggs, T. Petherbridge, G. Addenbrooke, — Hopkins, — Jones, Cliff Prosser, Trevor Lewis

Elizabeth Bowen Reviewing

Books

LOOKING across the Thames from Kew towing-path one is confronted, these days, by a drab, disappointing scene. In fact, I have even gone so far as to wish that a gigantic mirror could be suspended half-way across the river: by duplicating the loveliness behind one and concealing the squalor of gas-works, slag-heaps, cranes and general colourless dustiness, it could prevent the Kew illusion ending so sharply.

Standing just here, at the place which I have in mind, one seems to be looking across, from everything most lovely about the past, at everything most hideous about the present. There are two consolations—the picaresque interest of the moving barges, and the perpetual dignity of the swans.

Robert Henrey—by now, I think, acceptedly placed in the small first rank of our contemporary writers about London—has given us, in *The King of Brentford* (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), the immediate yesterday of this river reach. And more, taking his own boyhood as the point of departure (for he is, surely, the "Philip Reyhen" of the book), he has gone back through time; dwelling most on the royal Georges who loved this locale so well, but also parting the eighteenth-century curtain to let us glimpse periods before that. In fact, before the end of *The King of Brentford*, everything that human memory can retrieve seems to pack the Middlesex and Surrey shores of the river, between Kew and Richmond bridges. Obliterated houses rise again, and the voices of long-vanished great ones—royalty, rank or genius—are heard to be each side of the flowing stream.

Nearest in time, and nearest the writer's heart, comes old Brentford: that Middlesex country town of which "Philip Reyhen's" father was vicar. Brentford (once Brainford) is rich in associations with the past—through it ran the old coaching road to the West Country. The vicarage was originally a Jacobean farmhouse: it stood—and how it is to be regretted!—exactly where those gas and cement works now rise.

The house had only one storey and an attic, but the rooms were spacious. It was hidden from the street by an iron gate against which grew a clump of acacia trees; and a slope bordered by evergreens curved round to the front which was painted green, the main doors having pillars set against the face and shaped like those of a Greek temple. In the heat of summer the paint warped and made bubbles which cracked when they were compressed with the thumb. Only the hall and the kitchen, and the less important bedrooms immediately above, looked out on the slope, so that the front of the house was, to all intents, the back of it. . . . The main part faced the garden, at the bottom of which ran the wide Thames, divided at this spot by an eyot. Beyond was Kew Gardens and, dimly through the trees, the red brick palace known as the Dutch House which served as a nursery to George the Fourth.

The garden part of the vicarage was covered with Virginia creeper and vines. . . . A screen of lilacs and a high wall divided the garden on one side from the wharf of the Brentford brewery, whose dray carts were the pride of the town but whose malted odours in summer were wafted to the Surrey side of the river. On the other side the garden stretched away unopposed until it died against the inland creek where Mr. Clement's tugs, lighters and barges were mended, with a banging and clattering that filled the air (except for the lunch hour) from daybreak to dusk. But at the bottom of the garden beyond the low wall flanked by hollyhocks, the King's swans rode proudly downstream, especially at nesting time when they built their homes against the willows on the eyot.

* * *

THE routine of this country vicarage in London is evoked by delicious touches throughout the book; and the personalities of the old Brentford parish—not least Miss Weller, and Mr. Stamp, the churchwarden (who re-enacted his campaigns of the South African war by stealthily creeping behind the vicar's logberry bushes)—become as real as those of one's own acquaintances.

Mr. Henrey has had the good idea of presenting the scene, as it were, from the outside—when, in the early 1930's, Philip brings his fiancée, Madeleine, whose own London background has been so different, to Brentford, to meet his parents and savour the atmosphere of his childhood's home. More, he is to link up Kew and Brentford with the "Piccadilly village" in which Philip and Madeleine, married, live through the war, with the thread of eighteenth-century history. Between this gardeny river-front and those mid-London streets, squares and alleys the pattern of history zigzags to and fro. *The King of Brentford*, in fact, is a geographic extension of Mr. Henrey's now famous "London Trilogy." Towards the end of this present book we are to see Brentford, as (alas!) it is now, through the eyes of Bobby, the writer's little son, whose own blitz-shaken West End childhood makes a contrasting chapter.

* * *

ON the map composing the end-papers of *The King of Brentford* we locate, along the curves of the river, the houses and palaces whose stories enrich the texture of the book. On the Surrey side, the Dutch House, the White House (gone, but over whose foundations

the grass in summer still withers), and that castellated, now vanished, Kew Castle, conceived by George III., which to-day has existence only in prints. On the Middlesex side, Gunnersbury Park (with, for Philip, smiling associations of Rothschild kindness, flowers and chocolate cake), Syon House, with its lion of outstretched tail, Marble Hill, Orleans House, Pope's Villa and Strawberry Hill. Mr. Henrey's reading of history, memoirs and letters has been wide—he reanimates for us these now changed, obliterated or silent scenes with all sorts of drama and detail out of the past. You will enjoy the passage about Amelia's Bath, in Gunnersbury Park, and the Princess, George II.'s daughter, who gave that grotto its name. Also, the atmosphere of the Dutch House (for whose at once cosy and tragic white rooms, with their flickering poplar-shadows, I have a deep affection) has been captured here as perhaps by no other pen.

The King of Brentford, though far from being a guide-book, might well, I think, be carried by anyone exploring this past-haunted reach of the river. Mr. Henrey's gift for construction, his power of interleaving past and present, is here put to brilliant, effective use. An account of V.E. night in London, and of a little boy in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, do not seem inappropriate within a few pages of Fanny Burney's being chased round a tree on a Kew lawn by her distraught sovereign, George III., or the conversations of Pope, Swift, Gay, Walpole, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

* * *

"INDIAN ROUTE MARCH" (Pilot Press; 7s. 6d.) is by Louis Hagen, author of *Arnhem Lift*—that former book of his, at the time of its publication, had, for security reasons, to be anonymous. *Arnhem Lift* became one of our war classics: it attracted immediate attention and travelled far. The glider pilot author showed not only unparalleled powers of describing action, but unusual judgments, original qualities of mind.

I was therefore, on receiving this second book, interested—as you also, no doubt, will be—to see what he would make of India: a country which, whether in spite, or because, of the fact that it is incessantly written about, tends to be the focus of so many ideas that are tendentious, one-sided, vehement or confused. Those who are on the scene, who are really at grips with Indian problems, have, I should imagine, had much to suffer from bright young persons, of all ages, paying a few months' visit, then writing books which are swallowed at home. Let me make clear at once that, though Mr. Hagen was only in India for fourteen months, and though he arrived (by his own satirical showing) with the entire outfit of highbrow ideas on the subject of that country, *Indian Route March* is, emphatically, not a book of that type.

It is an account not so much of physical movement as of an onward march through different phases of discovery. Nothing and nobody failed to interest him; and his readiness to scrap, or at least modify, the outlook with which he had arrived, seems no less excellent than his solid refusal to be palmed off with local accepted values. Consequently, he has produced a book about India for which I, for one, am grateful. Though short, it covers amazingly wide ground. It has the advantage of complete freshness and honesty; and it tells me a number of things about India which nobody else (so far as I know) has yet considered worth mentioning.

* * *

"DRAFTED to India," he begins, "I hated the idea. . . . India was about the only country in the world that I had no desire



Anne de Nys Returns

Anne de Nys and her partner, John Ridley, have recently made a welcome return to London cabaret. John Ridley served as a major in the R.A.S.C. during the war, in Syria, Egypt, Palestine and West Africa, while Anne de Nys was in South Africa with her husband

"The King of Brentford"**"Indian Route March"****"The Pursuit of Happiness"****"The Key"**

to visit. I knew too much about it and I did not like what I knew." He concludes his foreword by saying: "During my fourteen months in India I noticed myself . . . becoming less and less didactic as my knowledge increased. What many of us saw, and why we changed our minds so often is what I have tried to set down here. . . . The reader will therefore find this book contradictory, full of theories that lead nowhere in particular and quite devoid of solutions. Any sort of verdict is out of the question for the first-year student; all he can do is keep his eyes glued to the broader issues and hope for the best."

This is the spirit, accordingly, which informs the picture—a picture both of life in the Forces in a distant land, during crucial months of the war, and of the surroundings, climatic and social, in which Mr. Hagen and his friends among British Other Ranks found themselves. Such chapters as "Soldier's Evening Out," "Mail," and "Paradise Regained" (account of a leave in the Hills) represent the personal side. In the devastating "Memsahib At Home," Felicity, who asked to appear in the book, may find she gets rather more than she asked for.

Mainly, Mr. Hagen writes in a concrete way, based on observation, exploration and talk, about such subjects as education, health, religion, art, the position of women, etc., as these affect India. He has the gift of a vivid, intimate style. Benares and Calcutta, respectively, inspire two bits of film-like descriptive writing—which are not for the squeamish: little of this book is. Particularly to be selected on (and, I think, helpful at this stage of affairs) are the chapters entitled "White Man's Burden," "Themselves," "The Language of the Soul," and "The Anglo-Indians."

* * * *

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS," by Joan Evans (Longmans; 5s.), is a very short book; I finished it in an hour; yet, somehow, expanding in my memory, it gave colour, for me, to several following days. This is the life story of Madame de Sérilly (*née* Anne-Marie Louise Thomas de Domangeville), a lady whose marble bust, by Houdon, stands on a staircase landing in the Wallace Collection. Born in Paris in 1762, she had the childhood, convent education, young marriage and conventional married life common to most of those of her class, country and time—in Paris society and in their country châteaux. Surrounded by pleasing objects and agreeable people (the panelling of her boudoir is still preserved), sympathetic young wife and devoted mother, Anne-Marie enjoyed, too, a romantic love—for the brilliant François de Pange. Such was her life when the Revolution, with its suspense and horrors, swept down on her and her kind. She herself escaped the guillotine by a hair's-breadth, and, from her cell, heard the tumbril carry her husband and friends away. The Terror over, she returned alone to her château of Passy, with its memories. It is with this woman's struggle not only to rebuild life, but to re-find happiness, that the book deals. Of Mme. de Sérilly, her friend Joubert wrote that the most beautiful courage of all was the courage to be happy. A thought, perhaps, for many of us to-day.

* * * *

"THE KEY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.) is the latest, and a well-up-to-standard, Patricia Wentworth detective story. Crime, here, has a both pretty and comical English village setting. Miss Silver, with her fringe and her knitting, arrives, to find herself up against Bourne people's unshakable taciturnity. Nothing gruesome in this book, and several smiles.



William Chappell

A Versatile Ex-Soldier Artist

William Chappell is best known as the designer for such productions as the Sadlers Wells *Coppelia*, and as assistant producer and designer of some of the famous Gate Revues and many other successful shows and ballets. He has just completed the décor and costumes for *The Shephard Show*, now running at the Princes Theatre. During the war he was in the Army, in North Africa, Italy and Austria, and while serving produced, wrote and acted in many shows for the Forces. Lately he has designed and made some dresses for the new Priestley show, *Ever Since Paradise*, and arranged the dances, including the "Frankie and Johnnie" sequence for the revue *Better Late*. Early in his career he trained for the ballet with Madame Rambert, and was a member of the original Sadlers Wells Company. He is now writing a book on ballet, and has published essays in *Penguin New Writing*.



One of the costumes by William Chappell for "The Shephard Show"



Brander — Reid

S-Ldr. F. E. Brander, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Brander, of Kensington, London, married Miss A. C. Reid, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvan Reid, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, at St. Peter's Church, Wrecclesham, Surrey



Shuttleworth — Truman

Major Digby Seymour Shuttleworth, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I., younger son of the late Brig. and Mrs. A. R. B. Shuttleworth, married Miss Kathleen Esmé (Kit) Truman, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Truman, of Shanghai, and of Wychwood Cottage, Fleet, Hants, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Holford-Walker — Lewin

Lieut. Bruce E. Holford-Walker, Fleet Air Arm, younger son of Colonel Holford-Walker, and of Mrs. Gatehouse, married Miss Cicily Patricia Lewin, younger daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. B. A. S. Lewin, at St. Nicholas Church, Shepperton-on-Thames

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Euston — Smith

The Earl of Euston, elder son of the Duke of Grafton and of the late Lady Doreen FitzRoy, of Euston Hall, Thetford, Norfolk, married Miss Fortune Smith, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Eric Smith, of Lower Ashfold, Slaugham, Sussex, at St. Mary's, Slaugham



Martin — Gull

Captain Alastair Martin, Seaforth Highlanders, only son of the late Brig.-Gen. C. T. Martin, D.S.O., and of Mrs. W. T. F. Holland, of Little Coxwell, Faringdon, Berks, married Miss Pamela Gull, only daughter of Sir Richard Gull, Bt., and Lady Gull, of The Ham, Wantage, Berks



Metcalfe — Fisher

Mr. John Alan Metcalfe, elder son of Sir Aubrey and Lady Metcalfe, of Little Mongeham House, Deal, Kent, married Miss Ann Fisher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fisher, of Barley's, Offham, Sussex, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



"Moosedale" Calf—in Hazel, Green, Scarlet, Blue. Enquire by name.
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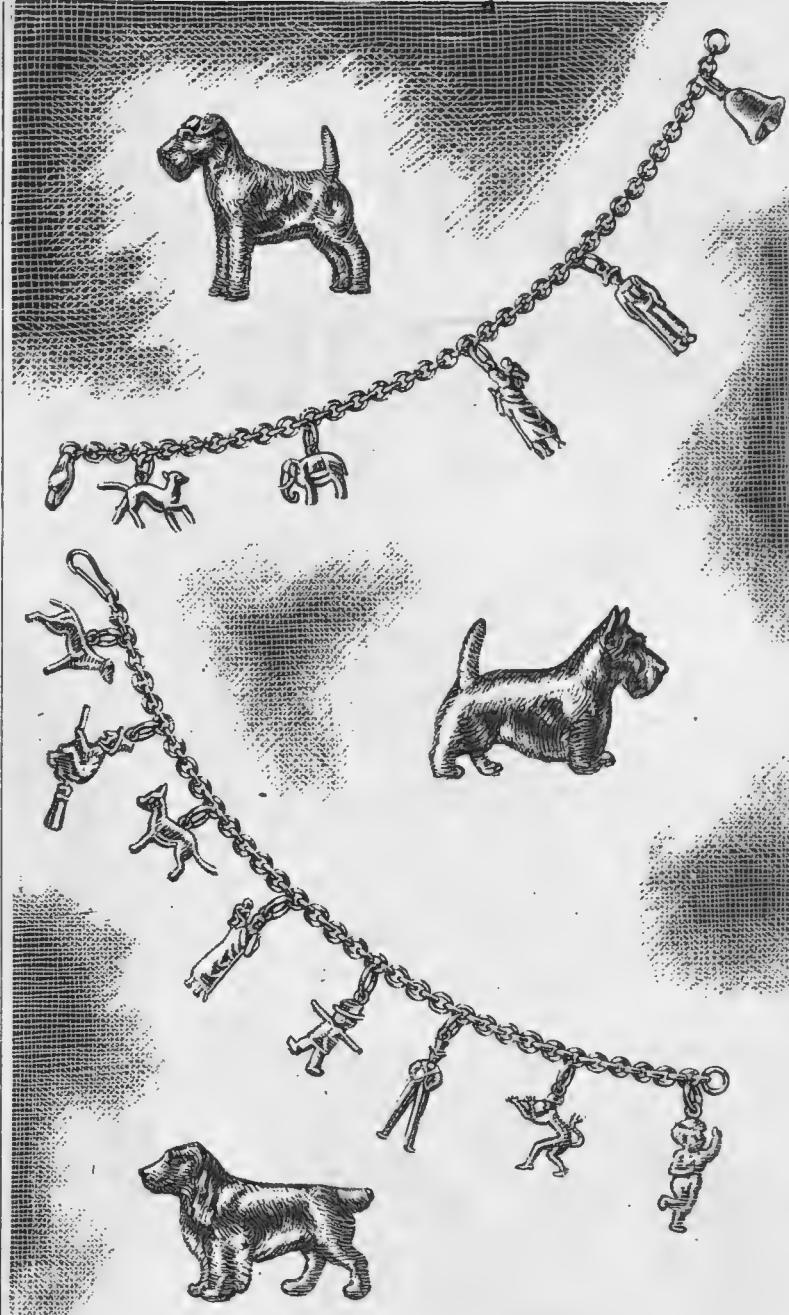


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The parting may be no great loss for those of us who have faced the rigours of the recent summer, but if consolation is needed, there is plenty of it in the contemplation of the clothes now offered to provide the comfort and variety which the weather has withheld. No better medium than jersey can be found for Autumn and Winter dresses. The jersey Berry model, right, is in Winter White, a new colour, perfect to team with tan or black



Peter Clark

Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

The jumper suit, left, is slickly tailored below the nipped-in waistline, and designed for golf with ample freedom for movement around the shoulders and arms. In London tan with black knitted sleeves. Both these dresses are at

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Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

WHEN I first showed this picture of a young bush buck to people in London they all said, "Oh, it's a Bambi." Well, if it hadn't been for the fact that London Zoo's collector was in East Africa and that the black hunters had been asked to bring in their catches, "Bambi" would soon have met a quick end as a big cat's early lunch! He was found by a native woman alone in the bush near a water hole, bleating his head off. He showed no fear of humans, and the huge fat Kavaronda housewife had no difficulty in catching him.

He was only a few hours old. What tragedy befell his parents no one could discover. A few suspicious blood-stains on the ground; pad-marks of a leopard—that was all. The little thing, barely the size of a terrier, came along to our camp with its native guard, bleating continuously. The camp boys once more pressed into service the beer bottle fitted with a teat and filled with goat's milk—the Lesser Kudu, its previous user, having discarded it in favour of herbage.

IT is amazing how soon wild creatures, especially buck, lose their inherent distrust of humans. After a very short time, buck will follow people they know around the camp just like a faithful dog. "Bambi" really became a bit of a nuisance, because he would keep up a continuous bleat for milk, coupled with a determined push with



"Bambi" looks the essence of timidity, but soon got into domestic ways and became almost embarrassingly affectionate

his head into one's legs. He was "under one's feet" like the proverbial house-cat.

Bush buck are fairly common in Africa. They are one of the smallest of African game. Unlike most of the antelope class, however, they have no white stripe on the body. When fully grown, they have a small but effective pair of spirally-twisted horns.

The Hungaria Holds a Birthday Party



A distinguished company attended the recent Eighteenth Birthday Celebration of the Hungaria Restaurant, referred to by Jennifer on page 139. At this table were Captain Peter Churchill, D.S.O., Mrs. Sansom, O.B.E., G.C., and Sir Graham Cunningham, recently appointed to the Colonial Economic and Development Council

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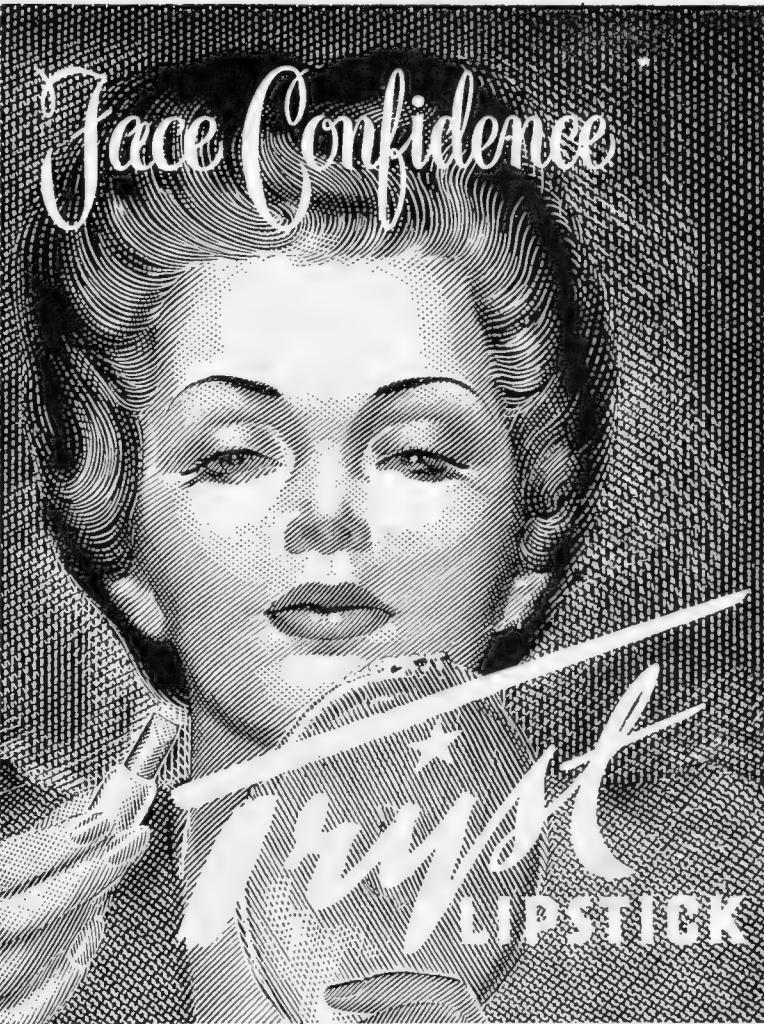
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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

IT goes horribly against the grain to have to say a public word of thanks to the Ministry of Civil Aviation and to the Minister who has just left it, Lord Winster. I have repeatedly argued that there is no virtue in the Ministry; that its every act is harmful to the thing it is supposed to minister to. Yet now it has cut the landing fees for personal light aeroplanes to 5s.

It is a big reduction from the astronomical fees previously charged at aerodromes with concreted runways. It is a reduction that will help a little in getting private flying going. I can imagine that a battle royal must have raged between the Ministry of Civil Aviation and the Treasury before the change could be made.

Why Not Sixpence?

HAVING thus offered thanks, I trust I shall not seem ungrateful if I ask why 5s.? Why not 2s. 6d., or 6d.? The main aerodromes are to be nationalized and nationalization, as I understand it, means that a thing is paid for by the people who do not want it. Before nationalizing a thing, those who wanted it had to find the money for it. A man like Lord Londonderry or Sir Lindsay Everard would get interested in private flying and would set up an aerodrome on a piece of ground owned by them.

They would pay for it because they wanted it, and they might afterwards exact a landing fee so that others who wanted to use it would also help to pay for it. People interested in aviation—under this scheme—paid for it. Now the aerodromes and the air lines are being nationalized, and Bill Bloggs, who hates all aeroplanes and is determined never to go near one, is forced to pay for the aerodromes and air lines because he happens to pay taxes.

Illogical, but Encouraging

THE idea is that the taxpayer pays because the thing nationalized is held to be of value to the country as a whole. That presumably is the policy which led to the reduction to 5s. of landing fees for light aeroplanes.

But if personal flying and the operation of small aircraft is held to be in the national interest, why charge so much? The gain to the Exchequer is, in any event, negligible. We want to encourage people to use their private aeroplanes like they use trains and motor cars. But 5s. a landing is still a burden for the man who wants to use his aeroplane fully.

In short, the fee is too small to cover the real cost of aerodrome upkeep and too large to stimulate the full use of personal aeroplanes as normal vehicles of transport. None of which makes any difference to the central fact that it is a step in the right direction.

Tribute to the Mayo

FLYING is entering a phase when the classification of technical information is becoming supremely important. Knowledge is being amassed at such a rate, and is to be found in so many different places—papers before the learned societies, articles in the technical Press, reports and memoranda of the various committees—that no single person can keep pace with it.

It is rather remarkable, therefore, that an extremely fine work of reference has so far been discovered by so few people in British aviation. It may be partly because it is written in French; but that ought to be no obstacle for those who pretend to technical knowledge.

It is called *Biblionorme*, with the sub-title "Documentation Aéronautique Moderne," and it is published by Blondel La Rougery, of Paris. It appears in parts and has a most ingenious binding—a vast improvement on the ordinary loose-leaf arrangement in my view.

It was when I was reading one of the parts of this work that I realized what a remarkable achievement the Mayo composite aircraft was. The *Biblionorme* summarized the facts about all the many different kinds of assisted take off, showing what they did in increasing load and therefore potential range.

When one looked thus at the whole picture, with rockets, catapults, and various kinds of accelerator all in their places, one saw that the Mayo composite aircraft—the maddest-looking invention flying has ever produced—had an exceptionally high efficiency. It was the summarizing and classifying of the facts that brought the point out.

Radar Required

IT would be advisable for the radar men to stop crying their wares until we have eliminated the sort of air accidents we have been having lately. To those unfamiliar with the detail difficulties, it is peculiarly annoying to hear at one moment of the marvels of radar and, at the next, of an air liner hitting high ground.

Where is radar? It looks as if radar is too busy publicizing itself and filling the public up with stories of its marvels to attend to the hard, practical business of aiding air pilots.



Mrs. John Steele being presented with a floral sprig by Conductor Goodman at Victoria Station, as the 100,000th passenger on the resumed Golden Arrow boat train service. Mrs. Steele, who is Sir Bernard Spilsbury's daughter, also received a brooch



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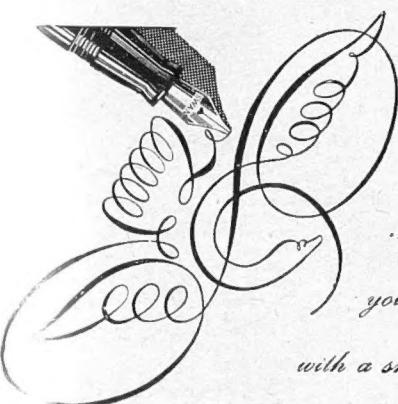
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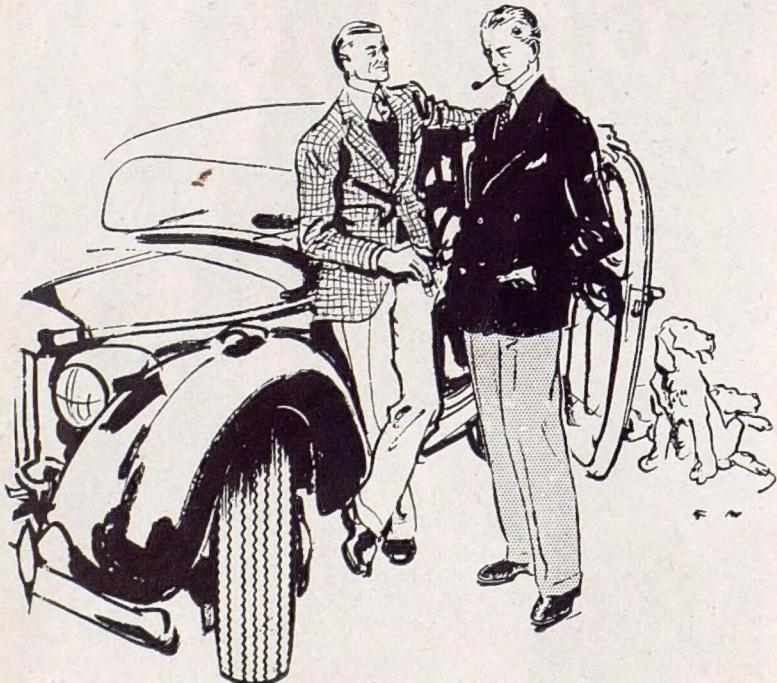
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